THE DICKENSIAN

A Magazine for Dickens Lovers
and Monthly Record of the Dickens Fellowship

VOL. IV. NOVEMBER, 1908. No. 11.

WHEN FOUND—

THE Dickens Fellowship Conference, which took place in Sheffield last month, was a notable success in every way. Apart from the business part of it, which is, of course, the chief object of the meeting, it gave, as these conferences should give, members of various branches the opportunity of discussing points in relation to their own work in an informal way both before and after the conference which the cut-and-dried formula of official meetings do not allow. It is a pity, therefore, that Branches do not make a greater effort to send one or more of their own members to be present at the functions. Although a good number were represented directly, many others chose proxies for the purpose, which is not quite the same thing, although it may serve their ends so far as actually voting is concerned. Further, too many Branches were not represented at all. It is only once a year, as the grotto boys tell you, and we feel very strongly that every Branch should make some effort, and, if need be, sacrifice, to send delegates from their own members.

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The next conference will be held at Birmingham under the auspices of the Branch there, and we suggest that every Branch throughout the country should have this objective in mind throughout the coming year, and set apart a certain portion of its income, if necessary, in order to make it possible to send the full number of delegates their membership entitles them to. In that way not only the conference, but the social functions, to us as important as the business ones, would be more beneficial in helping to bring about that bond of friendship which is one of the objects for which the Fellowship exists. We appeal to secretaries to bring this matter before their respective committees with a view to some arrangement being made to have their Branch represented by their own members in the future, and so make these conferences and functions actually as well as nominally representative.

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In our September number we published a set of verses entitled "Lines Written on the Sands," which a correspondent sent us as the reputed work of Dickens. We had not heard of them before, but as we were assured they were often quoted in Yarmouth as the work of the novelist, we gave publicity to them in the hope that if they were not by Dickens the rightful author's name might be discovered. Amongst the "Letters to the Editor" in our present issue is an interesting communication from a valued subscriber, Mr. J. C. L. Clark, of Lancaster, Mass., U.S.A., which effectually

settles the matter for us. It will be seen that the author of the lines is Hannah Flagg Gould, an American poetess. We thank Mr. Clark for his interesting letter.

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We would draw very special attention to the Bazaar which is being held by the Fellowship on Wednesday, December 2nd, in aid of the funds of the Charitable and Needlework Guild. The first object of the Fellowship's existence is to do work in the spirit of Dickens's books, and the Charitable Guild for six years has done an immense amount of work of that kind. It is a pity that the value of the work cannot be made more widely known, but it is very difficult to do so, for to go into details and to explain this item and that item would require a whole number of this magazine. We speak from inner knowledge, and we say unhesitatingly that the work is far reaching and valuable. We therefore appeal as earnestly as we can to members and friends to support the Bazaar.

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Every effort is being made to make the Bazaar in all ways attractive, and we speak with complete confidence (here, again, having inner knowledge) when we say that it will be superior to previous functions of the kind. A special scheme of decorations is being carried out, for instance, and the stalls will present a remarkably pleasing appearance. The stalls will be stocked with useful, purchasable articles, moderately priced, and there will be numerous amusing competitions and side shows. It may be added that Mr. J. W. T. Ley is compiling a handsome little souvenir booklet of the Bazaar, which will be worth a place in Dickens collections. The Bazaar will be opened at 3 p.m. at St. Bride's Institute, Bride Lane, Fleet Street, E.C. Tickets for the opening ceremony, 1s., may be obtained from Headquarters. For admission after 6 p.m. tickets are 6d. each. Offers of assistance—in money, or in kind, or in person—will be gratefully received.

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A new branch of the Fellowship was inaugurated in Belfast on October 2nd. The meeting was largely attended, and was presided over by Professor G. Gregory Smith. Mr. John Macarthur, assistant editor of the *Northern Whig*, delivered an excellent address on the work and influence of Dickens, which was enthusiastically received. The Branch started under very favourable circumstances, thanks to the energy and perseverance of Mr. J. S. B. Shaw, the hon. secretary, and we wish it continued success.

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We regret to announce the death of Mr. J. C. Parkinson, one of the original Vice-Presidents of the Dickens Fellowship, which occurred on October 24th, at the age of 74. Mr. Parkinson was one of Dickens's "Young Men" on *Household Words*, and we shall hope to refer to his work in that direction in our next issue.

THE EDITOR.

THE IMMORTALITY OF DICKENS

By G. K. CHESTERTON

AT the public dinner given in connection with the conference of the Dickens Fellowship at Sheffield on October 3rd, Mr. G. K. Chesterton proposed the toast of "The Immortal Memory of Charles Dickens," immediately after Mr. Bransby Williams had giving imitations of leading actors. He said:—"Both for your sake and for my own I shall occupy you only a very little time. You have just listened to some extraordinarily good imitations, and I, unfortunately, can only imitate myself, which I do persistently, until everybody is justly bored. But I would like to present this toast, which is a very serious and a very real one, with some degree of veracity and clearness. The toast is "The Immortal Memory of Charles Dickens." Now that is a very big thing to say, remember. I think it is true; but it is very great. Many poets have said that they were going to be immortal. Very few of them have turned up, so to speak, afterwards. Now what do we really mean when we say, as I do most unhesitatingly say, that, so far as human affairs go, Dickens is immortal? I am not going to say much about it. All sensible men feel it in their bones, certainly all English people feel it in their bones, that Dickens will last for ever; but that is no reason why speeches in praise of him should last for ever. But I will say very briefly why I think that there is some sense in applying that kind of phrase to him. First of all, Dickens is the one person, the one man, the one author in England of the nineteenth century who wrote about the poor and did not write of them as a foreign nation. Read all the modern books about the poor—and there are millions of them; read all the modern novels about the poor—and there are immeasurably more than there ought to be—and you will find that though a large number of writers speak from the noblest motives and even in the sincerest way, they are all, fundamentally, talking about the English poor as if the English poor were Hottentots, as if they were something quite remote from ourselves.

There are plenty of people in the modern world who are kind to the poor. There are millions who want to be more kind to the poor. There are millions, for the matter of that, who want to be kind to everything. They try to be kind to tigers, generally without success. But their kindness is not founded upon any idea that the thing to which they are kind is a part of themselves, belongs to themselves, in any sense. They are a little more than kind and less than kin. There is no brotherhood in the idea. Read most of the sociologists; read (I regret to say) most of the Socialists: read most of the people belonging to my political party and of all other political parties when they write about the English democracy, and you will generally observe that the idea that the mass of the people are like yourself is completely absent. There is no sense of brotherhood. The philanthropist is not a brother. He has got a supercilious aunt. That is the main and chief question that arises in relation to Dickens. That is why Dickens is immortal, because we shall all come back to the fundamental idea

about man. Men are brothers. If we were shipwrecked together on a desert island, we should find it out. There is a certain fundamental brotherhood between all men. Very well; Dickens happened to express it.

A thing I further want to say is this: There is an enormous talk, and one of the speakers has expressed it very thoroughly, about education in the modern world. That, again, is very valuable and very necessary. It is right that we should educate the poor; but I should also suggest that it is right the poor should educate us to some extent. Now Dickens is the last man in English literature who stood for the idea that the poor have anything to teach the rich. Read all the books that have been written since his time, and you will find that that idea has completely died out. It is no exaggeration to say so. If you take some figure—let us say, Mr. Sam Weller—one may say it is perfectly fair, it is perfectly right that we should educate Sam Weller. By all means let us teach him—anything we can teach him. The question arises in the mind: What can we teach him? We can teach him upon a certain complicated question in "v's" and "w's," which troubled him very much during his life, if I remember. We can teach him to say "Votes for women" instead of "'Wotes' for 'Vimmen'" —but I very much doubt if, after the experience of his father's life we can teach him anything about the relations of the sexes. But it does not very much matter after all whether you say "Votes for women" or "'Wotes' for 'Vimmin.'" It does not matter very much whether anybody has the words or letters involved. But it does very much matter indeed that the people should know how the sexes do really and vitally live together, and Mr. Sam Weller, partly by his father's experience, had firm hold of the fundamental fact that in real domestic life it is more often the woman who is the just or unjust despot than the man. That is the kind of thing which Dickens will always stand for—the real actual life of the mass of mankind.

People say that his figures and characters are exaggerated. They are simply exaggerated from the point of view of a small class, which goes to public schools and is taught to behave in a particular manner at particular moments, which is very convenient if you are proposing to do one thing, and inconvenient if you are proposing to do another. For instance, they govern Egypt all right, but they govern Ireland abominably. There is a certain type of man created by the upper class in England who is discouraged from exhibiting his oddities. That is not like any Dickens character at all. But you have only to walk into the nearest public-house, which is a very good thing to do, or into the nearest pawnshop, or into the nearest coffee-house—I do not object to that in any extreme and desperate cases—you have only to walk into any of these, and you will find that the place is packed with extravagant characters. Every man who has ever been a private soldier, every man who has ever slept a night out with the poor, every man who has met the ordinary democracy of England for ten minutes, knows they are all Dickens characters.

That which will make Dickens seriously immortal is the fact that he is close to the fundamental thing to which, after all kinds of events and changes, we shall always return. As long as men find in one way or another that, after all is said and done, and after all your social changes and social revolutions, there is a great deal of difference between going in at your own front door and going in at somebody else's, and after people have found that there is a great difference between marrying the woman you love and marrying the woman you do not want to marry, and after you have discovered all these violent truisms you will find that the phrase which we have perhaps lightly used in this toast of "The Immortal Memory of Charles Dickens" is true.

TWO DAINTY DICKENS REPRINTS

MESSRS. SISLEY have sent us two small reprints of Dickens's stories. One is *Oliver Twist*, retold by Edith Robarts for children, and forms one of the "Pixie" books. It is, of course, very much curtailed and very simple language is used in narrating the story of Oliver, in order that the young people can follow and understand it. If it sends these young people later on to the fuller book a good service has been rendered. It is well printed and brightly illustrated by Robert Farwig. The other reprint is of *The Seven Poor Travellers*, very daintily produced in a miniature size suitable for slipping into an envelope, and consequently a good substitute for sending as a Christmas card to Dickensian friends. The illustrations by Arthur Hogg are very pleasing, in one of which the portrait of Dickens is introduced drinking the toast "On earth peace, goodwill towards men." Both books are issued in paper and cloth binding at sixpence and one shilling each respectively.

"ON EARTH PEACE, GOODWILL TOWARDS MEN"
Drawn by Arthur Hogg.

THE DOMESTIC ATMOSPHERE IN DICKENS'S BOOKS *

By E. E. ASHBY-NORRIS

ALL who are familiar with the master's works are familiar also with his wonderful power of depicting home life. This bright domestic spirit, pervading all his writings, adds not a little to their charm, for home life, when portrayed by a master hand, in its fairest and purest aspects, must appeal to all.

To enter fully into this subject of the "Domestic Atmosphere" in our novelist's works, in a short essay, is not possible, but we may, with both pleasure and profit, take a peep into a few of those homes his genius has created.

David Copperfield is a general favourite, and at the beginning of the book we are introduced to his early home. David's recollections of those days are very clear, and as he recalls them a scene of happy, simple, domestic life rises before us. In that garden where the fruit clusters on the trees, so ripe and rich, we see Davy's mother gathering some in a basket, and her little son standing by her side—to use his own words—"bolting furtive gooseberries, and trying to look unmoved." As if by magic the scene has changed, and we are in the little parlour where Davy and his mother spend so many happy hours. We watch the bright firelight, and the brighter faces of mother and child engaged in some delightful romp, or the former resting in her elbow chair, after such exertions, while her little son watches her with admiring eyes. Peggotty, too, is a prominent figure in this domestic scene. Scarcely is her name mentioned before we know her worth. She is the very essence of all that is kind and good, and with Peggotty absent the home would be incomplete.

This glimpse into a happy home life is, perhaps, more beautiful because of the coming shadow, unseen by David or his mother, but already perceptible to Peggotty's clearer vision. We all know how, later, Mr. Murdstone and his sister wrought sad havoc in that simple household.

Another delightful glimpse of home life is at Yarmouth, where the superannuated boat is made to do service as a home for Mr. Peggotty and his family—honourable distinction for the boat. All readers of this charming book are as familiar with the interior of this quaint home, and with its inhabitants, as Davy himself. Can we ever cease to admire Mr. Peggotty, beneath whose rugged exterior beats the heart of a brave and true man? The words that Shakespeare puts into the mouth of Antony, when he is speaking of Brutus, might well be applied to Mr. Peggotty:—

> "Nature might stand up,
> And say to all the world,
> 'This was a man.'"

In this particular work of *David Copperfield* the pervading influence

* This was the winning essay in the competition set in the February number of *The Dickensian*.

of domesticity is all the more noticeable in contrast to other scenes. Little Emily gone astray. Mr. Peggotty leaving all to go in search of his darling, the apple of his eye. The homeless state of Martha. Then again the introduction into homes where the domestic atmosphere is chilled or dead; such as the home of Uriah Heep, where deceit and meanness cast their black shadows. The hard life at school; above all, the sufferings of little David. These, with those brighter, fairer scenes, form the light and shadow of the whole.

The last two chapters of this book are almost entirely of home. Before saying good-bye to all the old friends we have learnt to love so well, Dickens gives us one more beautiful though parting glimpse into the sweet sanctity of home life. No one, surely, can read those closing chapters without partaking of that spirit's gentle influence, without feeling better for its purity; its brightness; its loveliness.

To take one or two other examples from our author's works. *Martin Chuzzlewit*, for instance, contains a perfectly charming little picture, where the domestic atmosphere is wholly dependent on the characters. I mean that of Ruth making the beefsteak pudding, with Tom looking on, and John Westlock appearing suddenly on the scene.

They have no house or any of the usual attributes that go to the making of a home, but are simply occupying furnished lodgings. Yet here the very Spirit of Home reigns supreme. Bright, busy, cheerful little Ruth, immersed in all the mysteries of pudding-making, and brave, unselfish Tom trying to write, but Ruth and the pudding prove too attractive for him. No elaborate background is needed for such a picture. Those two figures would have put the most luxurious surroundings in the shade. Of course John Westlock fell in love, he couldn't help it.

If we compare this delightful little scene with that peep Dickens gives us into the house of the brass-and-copper founder, when we accompany Tom thither, on a surprise visit to his sister, we must realise what a small part wealth has in the making of a home. There we find a large house, handsome furniture, plenty of servants; everything, in fact, that money can supply, but home, in the truest sense of the word, is not there.

In *Bleak House* the "Domestic Atmosphere" is, on the whole, bright and clear, in spite of Jarndyce and Jarndyce; for Mr. Jarndyce in his greatness of heart, and Esther by her bright and gentle presence, can dispel that black shadow from the domestic hearth. If only poor Rich had kept his face always turned towards home, where love and Ada dwelt, and never looked in that opposite direction, where so many had already been shipwrecked, how much happier his own and Ada's life might have been!

We all know the simple household of the Bagnet family, its sanded floor, its scanty furniture, its bright utensils. But it is home, and a happy home, too, for Mrs. Bagnet is there, with her bright and honest face, her loving heart, her willing hands.

So throughout the whole of the Master's works, more or less, we find this "Domestic Atmosphere." This beautiful portrayal of home

life is, perhaps, one of their greatest charms, and its influence must always be for good.

Dickens recognised what an important part the influences of home life have in the forming of the individual character. Nevertheless, he does not preach us long sermons on the subject, but rather, with his wonderful fund of humour and pathos, with his most fertile fancy and marvellous creative powers, he instils into the hearts of all his many readers a true love of home; a higher ideal of what should constitute the private life of the individual, to the end that the public life might be more useful; a desire to hold for ever sacred, as a precious birthright, all its ties and obligations. If we do this, the home life of England will not one day be an institution of the past—as some have predicted—and the Master will not have written in vain.

THOMAS WOOLNER'S BUST OF DICKENS

IT is a remarkable fact that although there are obtainable to-day scores of picture portraits of Charles Dickens, taken at various periods of his life, there are few busts of the novelist which can be said to be satisfactory.

The two most notable are those executed by H. Dexter, of Boston, U.S.A., and Thomas Woolner, R.A., respectively. The former was modelled in 1842, during Dickens's first visit to America, a reproduction of which appeared in our August number. The latter was done after his death, and is the last authentic portrait of England's favourite novelist. Dickens offered to sit to Thomas Woolner after he had finished *The Mystery of Edwin Drood*, which he was then writing. "Only let me finish my book," he said at an interview with the sculptor, "before asking me to sit. It will be done by Christmas, and after that I am your humble servant. I will come to town every day, or every other day, for as long as you like; or you can come to me at Gad's Hill and have a studio there. Will that do?"

Early in June Dickens died, and the sculptor was summoned to take a cast of the face. He journeyed to Gad's Hill for the purpose, and with the assistance of this mask the bust was modelled. It was afterwards exhibited at the Royal Academy, and was hailed as one of the most faithful portraits of the novelist extant.

By permission of Mrs. Woolner, Messrs. Chapman & Hall, Dickens's original publishers, have had casts of the bust made, and are able to offer copies to the public at the price of fifteen shillings net. These can be sent, carefully packed, to any address in the United Kingdom for 17s. 6d. net.

The bust measures 26 inches high, and is specially suited for studios, libraries, institutes, and public buildings.

WE understand that the new serial publication, "Charles Dickens and his Friends," which was announced to commence last month, has been postponed, and the first part will not be issued until November 14th. There are to be ten fortnightly parts, each of which will be fully illustrated.

THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP AT SHEFFIELD

THE Third Annual Movable Conference of the Dickens Fellowship, which took place at Sheffield on October 3rd, was a notable success in many ways. Everything that was possible to be done with this end in view was done by Mr. T. W. Padmore, the Hon. Secretary of the Branch, and his *confrères* on the Committee. That their efforts were thoroughly appreciated was indicated on all hands, and those who were fortunate in being participators in the third conference and dinner of the Fellowship will always retain pleasant memories of Sheffield, its Branch, and its officials.

On the morning of the conference the London delegates were shown some of Sheffield's chief characteristics, and visits were made over the works of Messrs. John Brown & Co., which was an education as well as an enjoyment, and to the offices of Messrs. Thomas W. Ward, Ltd., where they, like Dickens on his memorable visit, were presented with a piece of cutlery as a souvenir. On the day following a trip was taken into Derbyshire and the day spent in a tramp through the picturesque Peak Country, under the escort of Mr. G. W. Parker, chairman of the conference, and other friends.

MR. BRANSBY WILLIAMS AND THE FELLOWSHIP.

Some of the London delegates arrived on the evening preceding the conference, and it was in the nature of a happy coincidence that Mr. Bransby Williams, the famous actor and impersonator of characters from Dickens's novels, was appearing at the Empire Palace during the week. The incident was too fortunate to be allowed to go unnoticed, and close upon a hundred members of the society, including those from London, occupied seats in the stalls at the second house, when Mr. Williams had promised to give a special and extended selection from his finely-studied *répertoire*.

Mr. Williams simply excelled himself, and his impersonations met with the warmest appreciation. He opened with a study of Wilkins Micawber, delightfully realising the humour of that immortal creation. A sketch of Sydney Carton, forcible and impressive, came next, and was followed by an impersonation of that hypocrite, Uriah Heep, an inimitable picture of the sour old miser, Grandfather Smallweed, and a magnificent study of the broken-down gentleman, Newman Noggs. The variety and vividness of the impersonations won the unstinted applause, not only of the Dickensians in the house, but of the whole audience.

At the close of his performance Mr. Williams was the recipient of a laurel wreath, and called upon for a speech. He expressed his indebtedness to the people of Sheffield for their appreciation during the week, and his pleasure at being able to welcome members of the Dickens Fellowship in Sheffield to the Empire. He was himself a Dickensian at heart, and he was gratified to think that Sheffield had the second largest Branch of the Fellowship in the world. (Applause.) It was rather remarkable that the biggest Branch of all should be located, not in England, but in Toronto, Canada. Mr. Williams recalled a speech of Dickens made in Sheffield in 1855, when the writer spoke of the warmth of Sheffield hearts; he referred to

Dickens's popularity to-day, indicative, he thought, of the recognition by the public of his great love of humanity and hatred of hypocrisy.

After the performance, several of the London officials of the Fellowship entertained Mr. Williams to supper in the Royal Victoria Hotel, and at the function were also present several of the local office-bearers. It was quite a private and informal affair, and was eminently successful in consequence. There were no set speeches, and a most enjoyable few hours were spent, during which time Mr. Williams did not allow a dull moment to pass. The Council and friends present were delighted at the opportunity of meeting Mr. Williams under such circumstances.

THE CONFERENCE.

The conference was held in the Royal Victoria Station Hotel at 2.30. Mr. G. W. Parker, Chairman of the Committee of the Sheffield Branch, occupied the chair. There was a large attendance, those present including Mr. W. Dexter (Vice-Chairman of Council), Mr. B. W. Matz, Mr. W. Miller (Hon. Librarian), Mr. J. W. T. Ley (Hon. Gen. Sec.), Mr. Sidney Marriott, Mr. G. W. Davis, Mr. Arthur Humphreys, Mr. H. B. Button, and Mr. J. Dyal (members of the Council), whilst the following Branches were represented:—Birmingham, Blackheath, Brighton, Brixton, Dublin, Forest Gate, Halifax, Hull, Liverpool, Manchester, Plymouth, Sheffield, Stockport and West London.

A great deal of business was transacted, but only one or two of the decisions arrived at need be reported here. One important resolution was that from August 31st, 1909, Mr. Henry F. Dickens shall become Life President, and there shall be a "President for the Year," elected alternately from London and the Provinces. The officers were elected as follows:—President, Mr. Henry F. Dickens, K.C.; Hon. Treasurer, Mr. W. Dexter; Hon. Librarian, Mr. W. Miller; Hon. Auditor, Mr. E. P. Frith; Editor *The Dickensian*, Mr. B. W. Matz; Hon. Gen. Sec., Mr. J. W. T. Ley. Mr. E. S. Williamson, founder and President of the Toronto Branch, was added to the list of Vice-Presidents. Birmingham was chosen as the place of meeting for next year, and Mr. G. W. Davis was elected Conference President. The following were elected to the Council:—Miss Emilie M. Miniken, Mr. G. W. Davis, Mr. W. J. Douglas, Mr. C. E. Edson, Mr. A. E. Brookes-Cross, Mr. S. Marriott, Mr. A. Humphreys, Mr. J. E. Palmer, Mr. T. Webb, Mr. C. Van Noorden, Mr. Frank Staff, and Mr. E. H. Tomlin.

During the meeting Mr. Arthur Humphreys, Hon. Sec. of the Manchester Branch, who was on board the steam yacht *Argonaut* when it foundered, as the result of a collision in the English Channel, was warmly congratulated on his escape.

THE DINNER.

In the evening at the same place a public dinner was held at which about 150 were present. At the last minute Sir William Clegg was unable to preside, and the chair was occupied by the Master Cutler (Mr. H. H. Bedford), who was supported by the Rev.

DELEGATES TO THE CONFERENCE AT SHEFFIELD

The President, Mr. G. W. Parker, is in the centre of the front row

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V. W. Pearson, Mr. G. K. Chesterton, Mr. J. Cuming Walters, Sir John Bingham, Mr. R. Murray Gilchrist, Mr. H. J. Dearden, Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Ward, Mr. and Mrs. John Harwood, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Jackson, Mr. G. W. Parker, Mr. T. W. Padmore, Mr. B. W. Matz., Mr. Walter Dexter, Mr. Bransby Williams, Mr. Frank Speaight, Mr. Sidney Marriott, Mr. W. Miller, and Mr. J. W. T. Ley.

The Rev. V. W. Pearson proposed "The Dickens Fellowship." It was not merely an association of people interested in literature, he said, but an association of people trying to help each other, and especially their poorer brethren. It had spread throughout the world. In point of membership there were not many places that could compare with Sheffield. They could hardly expect that. Toronto and Sheffield led the way. There was a special significance in the fact of Toronto and Sheffield being first on the list. They were both cities where education had taken a foremost place in the thoughts of the people, and he saw in that a reason why they should take kindly to Dickens.

Speaking as an old schoolmaster, he could not help thinking that amongst the great reforms Dickens accomplished, the reform of the schools was perhaps the greatest; and, speaking as the present principal of a training college, there was another reform which he would like to see carried out, and that was the abolition of the Circumlocution Office.

Mr. J. W. T. Ley, Hon. General Secretary, in responding to the toast, said the Fellowship was going ahead, and had gone ahead during the whole of the six years it had existed. Taking only the members who paid their subscriptions for last year, they could report an increase on the previous year of nearly 1,000. They had now a membership of close upon 6,000.

The members, Mr. Ley added, tried to do a little of the good which would have appealed to Dickens, and for which he fought all his life. They tried to form a real bond of fellowship. The word "fellowship" summed up all that they existed for.

Mr. G. K. Chesterton proposed "The Immortal Memory of Charles Dickens," and a report of his speech appears on another page.

Mr. J. Cuming Walters proposed "The City and Trade of Sheffield," and in a humorous way discussed the great Brooks mystery, which has puzzled readers of *David Copperfield*, notably during a newspaper controversy a year or two ago. Mr. Walters said it was probably the only mystery left in Dickens's works that no one had solved. They were all fond of solving mysteries, and that was the one on which they might concentrate themselves. He had a clue. He believed that the reference was purely allegorical. It must have symbolised the well-known teetotalism of the district, that was his solution of the mystery, and he made a present of it to any one who was engrossed in solving enigmas.

The Master Cutler, responding to the toast, proudly dwelt on the progress of the city. Sheffield had changed, he said, from the early days when the cutlery was made by the "little mesters," who lived on the streams near Sheffield, and who sold their knives, forks and scissors to the pedlars who hawked them all over the country. Now,

he believed, there was not a corner in the world to which Sheffield travellers did not penetrate. He had been over a good deal of it trying to find a place where there was no competition from Sheffield, and he had not found it yet.

Mr. J. H. Davidson proposed "The Visitors," and confessed his admiration for the depth of Mr. Walters' inquiries into the great Brooks mystery.

Mr. Ariel Wright, in responding, said he was sorry to hear from a librarian the other day that Dickens's books were not taken out as much as they used to be, and were taken out chiefly by the older people. The Fellowship, he thought, must exercise a useful influence in substituting Dickens for the emetic emanations of a too prolific Press, and the sensationalism of the two-shilling shocker.

Mr. Walter Dexter proposed "Our Branches;" after speaking of the excellent work the branches do, and how much the success of the Fellowship depends upon them, he reminded all present that the centenary of Dickens's birth was looming in the near distance: 1912 must be their watchword. They must strive and strain to reach a membership of 25,000 by that time. They must form more branches.

Mr. T. W. Padmore briefly responded.

Mr. Bransby Williams, in an amusing speech, proposed "The Ladies."

Mr. B. W. Matz proposed "The Chairman;" and the Master Cutler, in responding, acknowledged that he owed to Dickens many pleasant hours and many pleasant recollections.

Sir John Bingham, who had presided during the early part of the proceedings in the absence of the Master Cutler, also responded, and recalled a reading given in the old Music Hall at the top of Eyre Street by Dickens.

During the evening songs were given by Mr. E. B. Pearson, and recitals from Dickens by Mr. Frank Speaight. Mr. Bransby Williams gave several of his remarkable imitations of actors, including Mr. Beerbohm Tree as he might play Uriah Heep. As an encore he impersonated the late Dan Leno in a scene from "Hamlet," introducing into it a notable phrase from Mr. Chesterton's speech, which just convulsed Mr. Chesterton and the audience.

GERMAN APPRECIATION OF DICKENS

By HENRY LEFFMANN (of Philadelphia)

II

PASSING to more specific matters, I give a translation by myself of a portion of an essay that is an appendix to Heichen's translation of *Little Dorrit*. It is a discussion of Dickens's merits as a novelist, called forth by the twenty-fifth return of the date of his death, June 9th, 1895.

"Twenty-five years ago the report of Charles Dickens's death flashed over England, awakening sorrow and emotion. From England the news spread over the world, and it was not only

English-speaking people whose sympathies were aroused. He who by his noble works, merciful acts of true humanity, had excited tears of joy; he who had given impulse to so many betterments in the life of his nation; he who in all that he wrote had before him the ideal of true humanity; he who had friends everywhere, was everywhere beloved and mourned. The sorrow in England was great, the darling of the people, the intimate friend of every household was gone. The orator at the funeral in Westminster Abbey, where the departed was laid amidst the memorials of Chaucer, Shakespeare and Dryden, said, 'This place shall henceforth be sacred, in the old as well as in the new world, as the resting place of the representative of the literature not merely of this island, but of all places where English is spoken.' He should have said of the whole world. Dickens's novels are world property. However strictly English many of his creations are, however English is the tone of many of his stories, yet their purpose, a world-embracing, world-advancing, world-uplifting purpose, gives them a permanent position outside of the land of their origin. Everyone can read them, and it is not the least merit of them (notwithstanding that modern literature has departed from this principle), that in the thousands of pages that Dickens has written scarcely one can be found that may not be given to a child to read. The secret of his art and fame is that he presented humanity in such form as to arouse human sympathy; that he penetrated the inmost heart of everyone, found the nucleus of good that is in every breast, and broke the concealing shell.

"A blessed genius with boundless imagination, a passionate soul that felt itself attracted by the life of the great capital and absorbed by it, an acuteness of observation that searched to the depths the sources of laughter and of tears, a poet of inexhaustible humour and of fascinating tragedy, he was in his twenty-fourth year a prolific writer, and by his twenty-fifth year famous. *Pickwick*, in 1837, made him at one stroke a popular author. The rapidity with which the work appeared made it necessarily somewhat sketchy, but the sketches are lively, the characters realistic. It seemed incredible that such personalities, met at every corner, should not long before have been presented in fiction. This outpouring of humour, this reality, coloured with caricature, which though strongly drawn is not misleading, this immeasurable supply of comic situations, comic personalities, comic delineations, delights even those who know nothing of English life and are unacquainted with English peculiarities. His humour came from the heart and went to the heart. Sam Weller began the series of characters which displayed the greatest force, characters of a type that novelists before or since have not invented or described. It was in these characters that Dickens most delighted. He knew how to develop their peculiarities and make them more and more attractive. They are honourable creations of Nature in spite of their shabby clothes and rude speech, philosophers in humble endurance, angels of sympathy and self-denial, slaves of their environment who finally break their chains by an act of love. The series is continued

by Newman Noggs, Miss La Creevy, Dick Swiveller, and finds its final development in Sydney Carton."

The translator's remarks on the origin of the proper names of Dickens characters are in some respects more amusing than valuable. Writers of fiction show considerable tendency to coining suggestive names for prominent characters. Thackeray's Becky Sharp and Warren's Oily Gammon are well-known instances, but it is generally thought that Dickens drew most of his names from actual records. However, in the Barnacle family he surely fitted the sound to the sense intentionally. The German critic thinks that word is used in the sense of "brake," that is the restraining apparatus for vehicles, but Dickens, surely, had the commoner meaning in view, namely, the animals that attach themselves to the submerged part of ships and delay their movement. The Barnacles of *Little Dorrit* were attached to the ship of state, much to the disadvantage of the latter, and we do not nowadays need to go to England to observe similar phenomena. The German's attempt to connect the names Plornish and Merdle with French words, and thus to give them a deep significance is, in my opinion, due to misunderstanding.

Following this specific discussion of the merits of Dickens, the German critic gives a brief review of the novels and more important shorter stories in chronological order. As this notice is contained as an appendix to the translation of *Little Dorrit*, he gives more space to the criticism of that novel than of the others. He ranks *Little Dorrit* as one of the less meritorious novels, a view with which I am inclined to agree. The German critic says that it has too many issues that are not strictly correlated with the story proper. The Meagles family, and especially the Wade-Tattycoram incident, would be better eliminated. He also disapproves of the Barnacle and Circumlocution Office narrative, saying that however useful as scathing satire on official abuses, they are not germane to the novel. It is probable that the critic is a good deal under the influence of classical standards, and offended by a violation of the unities. It may be that in introducing and using so largely the story of the Circumlocution Office and its administrators Dickens departed from good literary methods, but it would have been a pity if the world had lost this great satire on official methods. On the whole, however, it will be found, I think, that *Little Dorrit* has given us less of the typical Dickens personality than most of the novels. We cannot find in it any character that dominates it as in the other books. Little Dorrit herself may be good, but she is such a fool; Arthur Clennam is as limp as a wet rag. On the other hand, the history of high finance by an "undesirable citizen" of the type that is now so abundant in our own country is of great interest, and the pictures of toadies and tuft-hunters that swirl around Mr. Merdle can be duplicated in any large city of this country.

Other critics have expressed similar views as to the comparative inferiority of *Little Dorrit*.

2 0 (*Concluded.*)

THE NATIONAL DICKENS LIBRARY

By J. W. T. LEY

V

BOOKS (*continued*)

THIS month I propose to speak once more of the books in the Library, and then next month, in a final article, to glance at the unique collection of portraits. I have referred to the plagiarisms, continuations, &c., of Dickens's works that may be found here, and now I propose a closer glance at one or two other miscellaneous volumes which possess some special interest. It may be said, further, that the Dickens-land enthusiast may find here many volumes dealing with the subject—in fact, this collection of topographical books must be very nearly, if not quite, complete. But to me at any rate, the most fascinating section is that which contains biographies of Dickens and of some of the famous men of his time, from which we learn to know the man himself. The biographies of Dickens that may be seen here are numerous. There are a first edition of Forster's book, and several later editions, and certainly a dozen other volumes by various writers, some of them well written, others badly written, some of them fairly reliable, others almost entirely unreliable. Equally interesting and valuable are several biographies and autobiographies of some of the most famous men of the Victorian era, who knew him intimately. To any one who knows the story of Boz's boyhood, how lacking in encouragement and opportunity his early years were, how very scanty his education was, it must always be a source of wonder that before he was twenty-seven years old he should have formed lasting friendships with men whose names were some of the greatest in literature and art. That they were not just formal acquaintances, but in almost every case deep affections, may be understood from the volumes that I have referred to. None who knew Dickens well has yet written of him except in terms of deep affection, and of something like hero-worship, and the fact that a man should inspire such regard for himself in men of such widely different temperaments as, say, Landor and Hans Christian Andersen, or Carlyle and Washington Irving, must always make him one of the most interesting personalities in the history of the nineteenth century. Dickens, the man, will always be an object of interest, even apart from Dickens, the novelist.

One of his friends, whose identity I forget for the moment, has given what I think is the reason for this. "To those who never saw Dickens" (I quote from memory) "and who ask whether he was like his books, I answer emphatically 'Yes.'" And we find Edmund Yates in his "Recollections and Experiences," which is in this collection, saying exactly the same thing. "In regard to the friendship which Dickens vouchsafed me, I have been frequently asked, 'Did he come up to the expectations you had formed of him? Was Dickens the man as lovable as Dickens the author?' And I have always replied 'Yes, wholly.' All the kindness

of heart, geniality, generosity, appreciation of whatever could be appreciated in others, manly independence, hatred of humbug, all the leading qualities of his books were component parts of his nature." This is really the last word: Dickens himself is in his works.

It would be easy to fill this article with quotations from books of this kind that are in the Library, showing how Dickens was esteemed by all his friends—such books as "Biographical Notes and Personal Sketches of James T. Fields," "Memories of My Time," by George Hodder, Mr. W. P. Frith's "Life" of John Leech, and so on are among them—but I must pass on, content if I have intimated, in some degree, their interest. The collection of volumes dealing with Dickens's works only—that is to say the purely critical works—is exhaustive, comprising all those that are of real value. Among them are Canning's "Philosophy of Dickens," Gissing's "Critical Study," J. L. Hughes's "Dickens as an Educator" (an excellent work that deserves to be better known in this country), Mrs. Baillie-Saunders's "Philosophy of Dickens," and Mr. Chesterton's recent book. But I must not attempt to deal with them here, for I have just opened a book that is probably little known, namely, Mackenzie Bell's "Life" of Charles Whitehead, entitled "A Forgotten Genius." Whitehead, as many readers will know, was "the man who might have written *Pickwick*"—that is to say, he had "first offer" from Messrs. Chapman & Hall to write the letterpress which should accompany Seymour's pictures; and so this story of his life cannot fail to be of deep interest to all Dickensians. The author considers Whitehead to have been one of the remarkable geniuses of his time. That may or may not be a true estimate; certainly the tragedy of the man's life cannot fairly be compared with that of the boy Chatterton, as the biographer suggests it may. The one only induces pity, the other inspires sympathy, and between the two is a wide difference. Whitehead was a drunkard all his life. Possessed of exceptional talents, and producing some really fine poetry, and at least one remarkable novel, he might have attained to a high place indeed but for this habit, and if he was in his lifetime neglected, the fault can be attributed to none but himself. At thirty years of age he had undoubtedly obtained fairly wide recognition, though he had not yet published his novel, "Richard Savage," and in 1836—that is, when he was thirty-two years old—he was editing a library of fiction. It was at this time that he was offered a commission to co-operate with Seymour in producing monthly the Cockney Sporting Sketches, and declined the offer on the ground that he was not equal to the task of producing the monthly numbers with regularity. But he happened to know a young man who had recently written a series of sketches of London life, whose name was Dickens, and he recommended the young author for the task which he could not trust himself to undertake. There is plenty of evidence that Dickens appreciated this act of thoughtfulness, and marked his appreciation. At any rate, they remained on terms of friendliness for some time, until it became apparent that he would never conquer

the habit of intemperance that had laid hold of him, and eventually, we are told that, for that cause alone, Dickens was gradually compelled to cease to hold intercourse with him. Steadily he seems to have sunk lower, until we find him leaving England for good, and finally dying in a Melbourne hospital from the effects of destitution. It is a sad story, and has an interest of its own, but of course it is referred to here as of very special interest to readers of this Magazine, inasmuch as it is the story of the man to whom undoubtedly Dickens owed the opportunity which he grasped so firmly. Whitehead's name is associated with Dickens's in another way, too, for in 1846 he revised Dickens's edition of the *Memoirs of Grimaldi*, and provided notes.

It may be that I have dealt at too great length with Charles Whitehead, but his early friendship with Dickens, his kindly thought for his young colleague, and his consequent associations with the birth of *Pickwick* have given to the man a unique fame which makes the title of Mackenzie Bell's book a misnomer. That his genius is or will be forgotten may be true, but that he himself ever will be "A Forgotten Genius" cannot be true.

A DICKENS PICTURE BOOK*

THE original illustrations to Dickens's works, drawn by "Phiz," are not likely to be forgotten. In sheer draughtsmanship it may be that they leave something to be desired, but apart from the sentiment which of itself will always link the names "Boz" and "Phiz," there is the fact that the artist worked, so to speak, at Dickens's elbow and under his direct influence, and so is more likely to have interpreted the very spirit of the work than anyone else. But ideas and tastes change, and as the editors of the volume under notice remark, "a younger generation is growing up for whom the time-honoured pictures have not the charm of long association, and among them it is common to hear the complaint that the natural humour and pathos of the author's best works are spoiled to modern fancy by the violent caricatures of the illustrator." Dickens, they say, in effect, was a universal genius and Browne was not, and so, while the books are for all time, the illustrations, as such, are only for a time. We may not quite agree with this, though we may admit that there is "something in it."

But (to quote the editors of this volume again) "it happens that there does exist a series of Dickens illustrations, now in danger of being unduly neglected, in which the artists were wonderfully happy in preserving the original features of 'Phiz' and Cruikshank's interpretations, while they toned down the more extravagant details, and brought imagination into closer harmony with reality." These, of course, are the illustrations drawn for the famous "Household Edition," which was published in parts in 1870. We suppose that there never has been an edition of Dickens's works that attained such

* "Scenes and Characters from the Works of Charles Dickens," being 866 drawings by "Phiz," Fred Barnard, and others. London: Chapman & Hall, Ltd. 10s. 6d. net.

popularity as this one. There were two reasons for this. The loved author had only lately died, his name was on all tongues,

THE THUNDERBOLT

One of Fred Barnard's drawings, illustrating a dramatic incident in *Dombey and Son*. From "Scenes and Characters from Dickens."

and people bought the parts and cherished them with the Family Bible. This is strictly true, and to-day in hundreds of homes, as the Editor remarks, the original copies are among the most valued

household possessions. This was the first and chief reason, but not the only one. We believe that the admirable illustrations had a very great deal to do with the success of the "Household Edition." To the average person probably the name of Fred Barnard is indissolubly linked with the edition, and to-day very many imagine that he supplied all the illustrations, but there were ten other artists associated with him, namely, "Phiz," J. Mahony, Charles Green, A. B. Frost, Gordon Thompson, J. McL. Ralston, H. French, E. G. Dalziel, F. A. Fraser, and Luke Fildes. With the exception of Sir Luke Fildes's illustrations of "Edwin Drood," all the drawings were specially executed for this edition, and it is not too much to say that never has an edition of Dickens's works been illustrated so consistently well. Fred Barnard's work was undoubtedly the best—we consider him to have been the best of all Dickens illustrators. He seems to have been possessed with the Dickens spirit, and his work was always marked by sincerity and by splendid draughtsmanship. Less known is the work of Green, Mahony, and Frost, but it is of a very high standard indeed, and worthy of a place by the side of Barnard's. Indeed, Mahony's illustrations to *Oliver Twist* reach a level that Barnard never surpassed, though his work in *Our Mutual Friend* is not so good. "Phiz" is here represented by a series of illustrations to *Pickwick*, and it is interesting to compare these drawings with those he did thirty-three years before.

The "Household Edition" has been out of print for many years, and it is becoming more and more difficult to obtain it. Therefore this volume, containing the whole of the illustrations, is certain of a very warm welcome. All the pictures have been carefully printed from the original wood-blocks on excellent paper, and the book is most handsomely bound. It is a charming production, and will not only be a welcome addition to many Dickens collections, but will form a handsome gift book.

WILLIAM THOMAS.

POETICAL TRIBUTES TO CHARLES DICKENS

XLVII

ALL hail, O Boz!—the magic of whose name
Frees us at once from devils blue, and vapours,
E'en Envy's self cannot deny the fame
Thou'st gain'd from thy immortal *Pickwick Papers*.

And where is now that gallant hero? Where
Poetic Snodgrass? Winkle, rich and racy?
Tupman, whose thoughts are ever with the fair,
Tupman—rejoicing in the name of Tracy?

All other written characters survive
But in the monuments which art employs;
Thy living portraits shall for ever live,
In Pickwicks—Tupmans—Winkles—and fat boys.

From *The Regrets of Memory; A Poem*, with Minor Poems, Translations, &c. 1840. Anon.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

"LISTENING ANGELS"

SIR,—I notice in the article by Mr. Ley on the subject of the National Dickens Library that he mentions a poem entitled "Listening Angels," which has been ascribed to Dickens by a biographer. He says that he has never heard of the poem outside Mr. Hammond's volume. Now, in reading Miss A. A. Procter's book of "Legends and Lyrics," I came across a poem with that title—maybe they are one and the same. Dickens, as you know, wrote a preface to Miss Procter's book.

Miss Procter's poem commences—

"Blue against the bluer heavens
Stood the mountain calm and still;
Two white angels bending earthward
Leant upon a hill."

I have never seen Mr. Hammond's book, but think the above might interest you.

Sincerely yours,

ARTHUR J. PRENTICE.

11, Cornhill, E.C., Oct. 1st, 1908.

LINES WRITTEN ON THE SAND

SIR,—The "Lines Written on the Sands," provisionally ascribed to Charles Dickens in the September *Dickensian* were written, not by the great novelist, but by Hannah Flagg Gould, an American poetess (doubtless a designation she would have preferred to "poet") of the earlier half of the last century. Oddly enough, the poem has been claimed also for George D. Prentice, a noted journalist; but the fact that it appears, under the title "A Name in the Sand" in Vol. III. of her collected "Poems" (Boston, 1839-1841), published during Miss Gould's lifetime, is sufficient proof of the authorship.

Miss Gould's father, to whom she was intensely devoted, fought on the Yankee side at Bunker Hill, and many of her verses have reference to the struggle between the Colonies and the Mother Country. She was born at Lancaster, Mass., September 3rd, 1789, and died at Newburyport, Mass., September 5th, 1865. Her contributions to the popular annuals of the day, English and American, as well as to various periodicals, were incessant, and no doubt her talent suffered from her facility in composition. A few of her poems, such as "The Frost," are held in affectionate remembrance by those of us who knew them as school recitations in childhood; but her best inspiration came from the sea. "The Dying Storm," "The Mermaid's Song," and "The Ship is Ready," all of which appeared in her first volume, published in 1832, have much power and spirit as well as poetic finish. Her touching lines, "The Blind Boy," were popular as a song in the 'forties. The sheet containing them, with music by William R. Dempster, now lying before me, is announced to be the "twentieth edition."

Yours very truly,

J. C. L. CLARK.

Lancaster, Mass., U.S.A., Sept. 15th, 1908.

THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP

HERE, THERE, AND EVERYWHERE

The first meeting in connection with the Headquarters of the Dickens Fellowship takes place at Essex Hall, Essex Street, Strand, at 8 o'clock, when Mr. H. Snowden Ward will give a lantern lecture on Dickens's life and works. Mr. Snowden Ward sails immediately for a lecture tour in the States, and it is hoped members will make an effort to attend and give him a good send-off.

CHARITABLE AND NEEDLEWORK GUILD.—The Hon. Secretary has much pleasure in announcing that Lady John Hare has kindly consented to become a Vice-President of the Guild. The Bazaar will again be held at St. Bride's Institute, and the date is fixed for Wednesday, December 2nd. Several willing helpers have come forward, so that there are now five or six stalls arranged by various ladies and gentlemen, and some unique attractions are in the hands of Mr. Frank Staff (Mr. Toots). Many arrangements cannot be announced this month, but the committee is working hard to make this bazaar a great success in every way, and the Hon. Secretary will be glad to hear from anyone who is willing to take the responsibility of a stall. Further notice will be given at Essex Hall, at the November meeting.

BELFAST.—The newest of our Branches held its inaugural meeting in the Visitors' Room, Assembly Buildings, on October 2nd. Professor G. Gregory Smith presided, and there was a large attendance. The chairman explained the objects and aims of the Fellowship, and Mr. John MacArthur, of the *Northern Whig*, delivered the inaugural address on Dickens, concise yet comprehensive, which was received with enthusiasm by all present. An executive committee was appointed, with Mr. J. S. B. Shaw as Hon. Secretary, to confer with those who would act as office-bearers and to make other arrangements.

BIRMINGHAM.—The first meeting of the session was held on October 2nd in the New Temple Room. Mr. H. Loveridge presided, and there was a large attendance of members and friends. The book chosen for discussion was *Martin Chuzzlewit*, and the first chapter was read, by way of an introduction to the work, by Mr. G. W. Davis. Mr. A. J. Webb read a paper on "Mark Tapley," and was followed by a reading on "Mrs. Gamp" from Mr. E. J. Timings. Mr. Pratt also gave a paper on "Mr. Pecksniff" and "Tom Pinch." During the evening there was an interval of a quarter of an hour for coffee and social intercourse; a very enjoyable and instructive evening being spent.

BRIGHTON.—The annual general meeting was held at the Y.M.C.A. on Sept. 19th. There was a very good attendance. Mr. Henry Davey took the chair. The Hon. Secretary, Mr. F. J. Gauntlett, read the report and balance-sheet, which were both of a very encouraging character. Not only had the high literary character of the meetings been sustained, but the membership had increased by 29 members. The officers and committee for the coming year were elected, and a syllabus of an interesting character adopted. On October 10th the Branch opened its winter session with a social meeting, held in the hall of Steine House. There was a large gathering of members and friends, presided over by the President. The usual literary programme, consisting of recitations from the works of Charles Dickens, was rendered by the Misses Goring, Summer, and Harbour, and Messrs. Gauntlett and Fowler, all the items being greatly appreciated. A feature of the evening was the presentation to Mrs.

Sharman of a pair of antique silver candlesticks, on the occasion of her marriage. As Miss Halsey, Mrs. Sharman was one of the founders of the Branch, and has always been most active at the meetings and Needlework Guild.

BRIXTON.—On September 21st the fifth annual general meeting was held in the Ladies' Parlour of Brixton Independent Church, and was well supported by a good attendance. Mr. Sidney Marriott presided. The secretary and treasurer were re-elected, and the following were appointed to serve on the committee for the ensuing session: Mrs. Beard, Mrs. Carey, Mrs. Coade, Miss E. Cooper, Miss K. Marriott; Messrs. Block, Douglas, Pearce, and Sherlock. The "Little Dorrit" Society, in connection with the Fellowship (for charitable purposes) will be conducted as before, under the superintendence of Mrs. W. J. Sherlock (Secretary) and Mrs. A. Stuart (Treasurer). Six social evenings (for progressive whist) were arranged, to be held during the session, at Raleigh Hall, Effra Road, Brixton, in addition to usual meetings. The business of the evening being disposed of, selections from *The Dickensian*, in prose and verse, were rendered by the Secretary, Mr. R. Allbut, who also read a letter of appeal on behalf of the Great Ormond Street Children's Hospital, an institution beloved and assisted by Charles Dickens.

Mr. B. W. Matz gave a lecture on "Dickens as a Journalist," on October 19th. Mr. Robert Allbut occupied the chair, and took part in the discussion, and also read one of the articles to which the lecturer had briefly referred.

HALIFAX.—Last month a lecture on "Charles Dickens: his Humour and Pathos" was given at the Mechanics' Institute by the President (Dr. W. M. Branson). Mr. H. A. Lumb presided over a large attendance. The chairman pointed out that the Fellowship had grown by leaps and bounds, and that now there was a membership of over 180. The lecture was full of interest, and delivered in characteristic style. Dr. Branson's observations were followed with rapt attention, and his careful study of the subject was unmistakable.

HULL.—This Branch entered upon its fourth session on October 2nd under pleasing and auspicious circumstances. The commodious Shakespeare Hall was filled to overflowing. Miss Gertrude Watson, L.R.A.M., had kindly made herself responsible for "An Evening of Music, with Dickensian Reading," and the result proved eminently satisfactory. Miss Watson rendered several pianoforte solos; Mr. P. Coverdale gave a performance on the 'cello; and songs were given by Mr. H. Toyne. An interesting recital from *Bleak House* was contributed by Miss Blanche Watson. The chair was occupied by Mr. H. B. Browne, M.A., the President of the Branch, and at the close of the meeting twenty-two new members were enrolled.

The second meeting was held on October 16th, the lecturer being Miss Julia Walker, who took as her subject "Ebenezer Scrooge, the Hero of the *Carol*." Miss Walker analysed Scrooge and the *Carol* with many shrewd comments and the keenest of wit, stimulating the audience to a high point of good humour, and holding the unflagging attention of her hearers from first word to last. The question of the conversion of Scrooge was treated in a capable manner. The speakers who took part in the subsequent discussion included Miss E. Watson, Messrs. T. H. Leahair, Mortimer Petty, B.A., and J. Wilcockson. During the evening several songs were given by Miss E. Gibson. The Secretary, Mr. G. E. Tindal, gave an account of the most important items which were dealt with at the annual Conference of the Fellowship, recently held at Sheffield.

LIVERPOOL.—There is a well-known saying to the effect that in whatever quarter of the globe you may chance to be you will find a native of Liverpool. This Branch of the Society is upholding the tradition by sending out one of our members to Seattle, in the State of Washington, U.S.A., who intends to start a Branch there. This is the Fellowship. A most pleasant inaugural meeting was held on October 6th, at headquarters, when the President, Mr. Edgar Browne, F.R.C.S., lectured before a large number of members on Charles Dickens. The lecturer pointed out that, though Dickens had the hallmark of genius, yet, unlike many other notable men of letters, he never allowed his genius to override his common sense. After drawing a comparison between Dickens and Sir Walter Scott, and showing that, though the latter was the more painstaking, yet one found fewer flashes of inspiration in his works than in Dickens, the lecturer concluded by reading extracts from *Nicholas Nickleby* and *Martin Chuzzlewit*. The members held a social at the close of the meeting. The result of the competition for Eldon Street Schools for the two best essays by the school-children on Charles Dickens will be given out at the end of this month, when the prizes will also be handed to the successful candidates.

The second meeting was held on October 20th. Miss Helen Brinckman gave a Dickens recital, and provided an excellent programme, which was much appreciated. The items given ranged over a wide field of Charles Dickens's works, and included selections from *David Copperfield*, *Little Dorrit*, *Oliver Twist*, *Barnaby Rudge*, and *A Tale of Two Cities*. Miss Brinckman concluded by reciting "The Dream of Eugene Aram" with great dramatic effect.

LUDDENDEN.—The Fellowship held its first meeting on September 29th, when there was a good attendance. The following officers were elected: President, Mr. John Schofield; Treasurer, Mrs. L. Greenwood; Secretary, Mr. F. Beken; and Committee, Mrs. H. M. Greenwood, Miss Annie Bloomer, Mrs. T. N. Helliwell, Mrs. Gankroger, Councillor J. W. Gankroger, and Mr. F. Nicholl. After business, Miss Annie Bloomer read selections, humorous and otherwise, from many of Dickens's works. Mr. Beken also read a laughable portion from one of the old numbers of *Household Words*. A discussion followed by Messrs. Schofield, H. M. Greenwood, and Councillor S. Park.

MANCHESTER.—The opening meeting of the winter session was held on October 2nd, when Mr. John Harwood, the President, greeted old and new members, and delivered an interesting address. After congratulating Mr. Arthur Humphreys, the Honorary Secretary, on his escape from the wreck of the "Argonaut," Mr. Harwood said he desired during his year of office to cultivate among the members the true spirit of fellowship, following the example of Charles Dickens himself. It was the power of entering into other people's feelings, accompanied by a wish to gratify and give them pleasure, that made Dickens personally so popular, and it was to be hoped that the same spirit had infused itself into the Fellowship founded to perpetuate his memory. "I have," said Mr. Harwood, "been a member of many societies, but, with the exception of the Freemasons, I have never found quite the same feeling of good fellowship pervading any of them that I believe exists amongst us." An interesting programme of songs, recitations, and pianoforte music was provided by Mrs. and Miss Kinnell, Miss Ashton, and Mr. John Ambler, and refreshments were served during the evening. Several new members were enrolled.

MID-DEVON.—The number of members who have joined the Branch during the past season is 82; this may be considered highly satisfactory for a purely country branch. The Fellowship has been the means of bringing together people of different political and religious views who have

never before had the opportunity of meeting on common ground. There have been two concerts, two readings with music, waxworks, and a most successful ball (in February). During the coming season it is proposed to have at least one theatrical performance. The Branch is in a most satisfactory financial condition.

ROCHESTER.—The general meeting took place in the ball-room of the Bull Hotel on October 15th, at which were elected the officers for the season, and other business transacted. In the course of his remarks, the Hon. Secretary, Mr. J. J. O'Neil, had cause to complain of the lack of interest shown by residents. "Dickens," he said, "has bequeathed to Rochester an asset which Rochester fails to appreciate or foster." Other members expressed their sympathy with these sentiments, and efforts were promised to make the Rochester Fellowship worthy of its unique position. Alderman W. J. McLellan was re-elected President, and Mr. O'Neil Hon. Secretary, whilst the committee and the Vice-Presidents were re-elected.

SOUTHAMPTON.—The opening meeting and conversazione took place on the 19th ult., when a large number of members assembled and partook of the hospitality kindly provided by the President, Mr. J. R. Smith, J.P., who gave the opening address, on the life and aims of Charles Dickens. This was followed by similar addresses by the Rev. W. Garwood and Mr. A. C. Hallett. Excellent musical items were rendered by Mrs. Edwards, the Misses Gadd, E. Tracy, and Roo, also by Messrs. C. Tracy and T. Cregan. A costume sketch from *Oliver Twist*, in which Miss E. Tracy and Messrs. Cregan and Kerrigan took part, with introductory readings by the Hon. Secretary, Miss E. E. Moody, all of which were admirably given, brought one of the most enjoyable and successful meetings of this Branch to a close.

MR. WM. MILES AT BRADFORD.—The lecture season of the Bradford Mechanics' Institute, for which a highly attractive programme has been arranged, was opened on Oct. 6th, when Mr. William Miles made his twenty-seventh consecutive annual appearance, and gave a recital from Dickens's works. The large audience formed a flattering tribute to the sustained popularity of the elocutionist. The hall was crowded in every part, and Mr. Miles, who stepped upon the platform amid hearty applause, delighted the audience with his recitals from *The Old Curiosity Shop* and *The Pickwick Papers*.

DICKENSIANA MONTH BY MONTH

BOOKS.

The Seven Poor Travellers. By Charles Dickens. Illus. by Arthur Hogg. London: Sisley, Ltd. Paper, 6d. net; cloth, 1s. net.

Oliver Twist. Retold by Edith Robarts. Pictures by Robert Farwig. London: Sisley, Ltd. Paper, 6d. net.; cloth, 1s. net.

Scenes and Characters from the Works of Charles Dickens; being 866 drawings by Fred Barnard, Charles Green, J. Mahony, A. B. Frost, and others. Engraved on wood for the "Household" Edition. Imperial 8vo, 10s. 6d. net.

The Holly Tree Inn and *A Christmas Tree.* By Charles Dickens. Illus. in colour and line by G. A. Williams. London: Cassell & Co., Ltd.

Vignettes of London Life from Charles Dickens. By Norman J. Davidson, B.A. London: Seeley & Co. 1s. 6d. net.

Miscellaneous Papers. By Charles Dickens. Illus. Uniform with the "Biographical" Edition, 3s. 6d., and with the "Authentic" Edition, 5s. London: Chapman & Hall, Ltd.

MAGAZINE AND NEWSPAPER ARTICLES.

"The Dickens Fellowship: Inaugural Meeting of the Belfast Branch." Address by Mr. John Macarthur. *Belfast Northern Whig*, October 3rd.

"Bleak House." *The Schoolmistress*, September 24th, October 1st, 8th, 15th and 24th.

"Conference at Sheffield." *Sheffield Evening Mail* (illus.), October 3rd. *Sheffield Telegraph*, October 3rd. *Yorkshire Telegraph and Star* (illus.), October 3rd. *Sheffield Daily Telegraph*, October 5th. *Sheffield Independent*, October 5th. *Sheffield Telegraph and Star* (illus.), October 5th.

"The Name of Snodgrass." *T.P.'s Weekly*, October 2nd.

"Dickens's Love Romance." *Glasgow Evening News*, October 8th.

"In the Dickens Country: Broadstairs, Dover and Deal." *Nottingham Guardian*, October 6th.

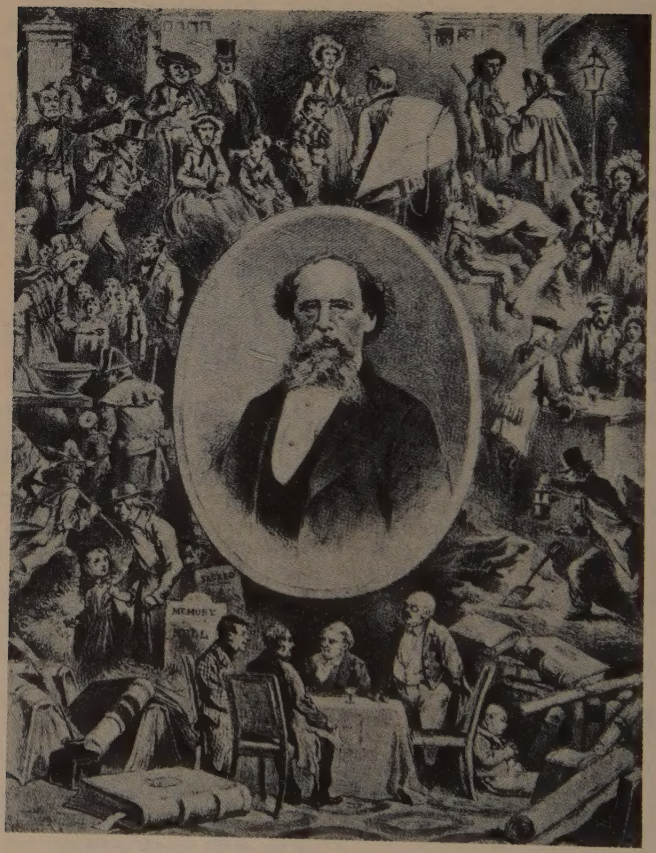
"Pickwick Maps," by C. M. Neale. *Bury Post*, October 3rd.

"Charles Dickens: Collected Annotations on his Life and Writings." By John T. Page. Serial in *East London Advertiser*, Oct. 3rd, 10th, 17th and 24th.

DIARY OF DICKENS MEETINGS

NOVEMBER

2. Brixton Branch: Whist Drive, at Raleigh Hall, Effra Road, at 8.
3. Headquarters: "Scenes from Dickens's Life and Works," by Mr. H. Snowden Ward, with lantern, at Essex Hall, Essex Street, Strand, at 8.
4. Liverpool Branch: "The Heroine in Dickens's Novels," by Mr. J. Cuming Walters, at Royal Institution, at 8.
   Glasgow Dickens Society: "Local Associations with Dickens," by Mr. Douglas Parker, at Accountants' Hall, at 8.
6. Manchester Branch: "Mrs. Gaskell's Literary Associations with Dickens," by Rev. G. A. Payne, at Onward Hall, at 8.
7. Brighton Branch: "The Newly Discovered Writings of Dickens," by Mr. B W. Matz, at Steine House, at 8.
10. Birmingham Branch: Recital of *Nicholas Nickleby*, by Mr. Frank Speaight, at Acorn Hotel, Temple Street, at 7.30.
    Shrewsbury Branch; Monthly Meeting at Alkmund's Rooms, at 8.
12. Rochester Branch: Dramatic performance of *David Copperfield*, at Mathematical School.
    Dublin Branch: *A Tale of Two Cities*. Readings and papers, at Sackville Café, at 8.
13. Hull Branch: "Child Characters from Dickens," by Mr. W. H. Eastman, at Shakespeare Hall, at 8.
14. Liverpool Branch: Whist Drive, at Edinburgh Café.
16. Brixton Branch: Recitals by Mr. F. J. Gauntlet, at Brixton Independent Church Hall, at 8.
    Southampton Branch: "Charles Dickens, the Apostle of Christmas," by Rev. W. A. C. Chevalier, at St. Paul's Parish Room, Bedford Place, at 8.
17. Liverpool Branch: "Some Considerations of General Culture," by Mr. J. C. Lee, B.A., at Royal Institution, at 8.
19. West London Branch: Recital of *Dr. Marigold*, by Mr. Gilbert Lean, at Town Hall, Ealing, at 8.
    Shrewsbury Branch: Recital by Mr. Frank Speaight.
27. Liverpool Branch: Dance at the Gainsborough.
    Hull Branch: *Pickwick Papers*. Criticisms, etc., by members, at Shakespeare Hall, at 8.
    Birmingham Branch: Members' Evening, at Acorn Hotel, Temple Street, at 7.30.
30. Brixton Branch: Whist Drive, at Raleigh Hall, Effra Road, Brixton, at 8.



CHARLES DICKENS AND SOME OF HIS CREATIONS

From a painting by W. Reynolds